

T O

M Cowper

1489 f 28

Her Royal Highness,
THE
PRINCESS OF WALES;

AN HUMBLE OBLATION,

On this Her Happy and Auspicious

BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH the 1st, 171⁸.

By T. HARRIS, Gent.

— *Male nominatis*

Parcite verbis.

Hæc Dies, vere mihi festus, atras

Eximet curas, &c.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCLXIV





ROYAL MADAM,



IN all Ages, the *Greatest* and
Wisest of PRINCES have been
PATRONS to the *Humble Ver-*
tuous Muse : They have not only taken
the *Authors* into their own immediate
Protection, but likewise, recommended
by a tender Indulgence, their Endea-
vours, tho' never so mean, to an *En-*
couraging World.

BUT Neither I, nor these my
Writings, can with Reason expect such
Favour : Those *Poets*, possibly, might
pretend a Merit to the *Esteem* and *Pro-*
tection of those their PATRONS ; where-
as, I, alas, must consider *Your ROYAL*
HIGH-

The DEDICATION.

HIGHNESS'S *Condescension* to me, meerly
as an *Effect* of your own *Innate* and
Divine GOODNESS.

MADAM,

I acknowledge my *Presumption* in this
my *Address*; but as *this* DAY brings
universal Joy to each *True-born* HAPPY
BRITON, with it; so I most humbly
cast my self upon that CLEMENCY,
which YOU are Graciously pleas'd to
dispense, even to the meanest of *Subjects*
and *Creatures*, and therefore not to be
despair'd of, by

Your Highness's

Most Dutiful,

Humble Servant,

T. HARRIS.



TO
Her Royal Highness
THE
PRINCESS of WALES, &c.



S when the *Heav'ns* are clear, the *Rising*
(*Sun,*
Darts *Beams* successively, still *One* by *One* ;
His pointed *Glories* spread so close be-
(tween

Their *Shining Trains*, no *Naked Sky* is seen ;
While each strikes not the *Eye* apart, they seem
But one unbroken, and continued *Beam* :
So, *Madam, You !* When dazzled *Eyes* survey
Each *Grace*, distinguish not, nor mark each *Ray* ;

No more than in the *Sun* each *Drop* we see,
 Or ev'ry *Star* within the *Galaxy* :
 One great *Collective Globe* of *Light* we view,
 All of *one Piece*, and yet each *Glory* new,
 All radiant bright, it's Lustre too, like *You* !

Fair all without ! Within too, All Divine !
 First, in *Your Self*, next, *You* to *Others* shine !
 So Heav'n, which *Fairest* of it self does shew,
 Contributes too, to all things *Fair* below,
Rich in those *Jewels* which your *Sex* adorn,
 More than in *Those*, which in a *Crown* are worn !
Ensigns of *Majesty*, and *Robes* of *State*,
 Are by your *Innate Virtues* sublimely *Great* !
 Your *Mind* resplendent to the like Excess,
 In *Royal Ermins*, or a *Private Dress* :
Great as a *Queen*, when seated on a *Throne*,
 And *Greatest* of your *Sex*, without a *Crown* !

Did *Plato* live, how great wou'd be his *Joy*,
 To see what once He *wish'd*, like *Spirits* coy !
 That *Virtue* now has *Shape*, and *Colour* took,
 Both in your *Form Divine*, and in your *Look* !
 A *Brow* so *undisturb'd*, and so *serene*,
 The *moving Thoughts* are all in *Prospect* seen !

A *Heart*,

A *Heart*, with tame and gentle *Passions* blest,
And *Quiet*, as the brooding *Halcyons Nest* !

M A D A M,

W H A T wide *Extreams* are *Neighbours* in *Your*
(*Mind* ?

Prince-like, August ! And yet as *Woman*, kind !

Your *Greatness* with your *softer Sex* complies,

(And with a *double Beam* shot from *Your Eyes*,)

Stately at once, and *gentle* does appear,

Nor yet too *tender* seems, nor too *severe* :

Such *Innocence* so gay, your *Aspect* brings,

As *smiling Angels* show, or *Infant Kings* !

When *Condescension* thus with *State* does meet,

It makes your *Empire* great, and *Conversation* sweet ;

Pleasant as *Birds*, that all their *Life-time* sing,

And *cheerful* as the *Morning Light*, or *Spring*.

M A D A M,

T H O' these coincident we rarely find,

An *Aweful State* with *Charming Sweetness* joyn'd ;

Yet while *You* reconcile this different *Height*,

And move at once our *Wonder* and *Delight* ;

You, all our fixed *Eyes* with *Change* relieve,

And to the *Prospects Bounty* largely give !

Thus,

Thus, tho' your *Pow'r* is *Great*, *You* condescend
 To be an *Equal*, and in that a *Friend* !
Your Throne, this *Humble State*, has higher shown,
 Making each *Step* below, an *Under-Throne* :
 Not like *Heav'n* only, *You* vouchsafe to bless
 This *Lower World*, with scatt'ring *Influence* ;
 But, as in *Visions* most exalted *show*,
 The lofty *Heav'ns* do humbly seem to bow ;
 While *Earth* and *distant Clouds*, like *Neighbours* bound,
 And falling *Skies* far off do kiss the *Ground* :
 So, when *Humility* your *State* does hide,
 (*Humility* ! The *Noblest's Prospect's Pride* !)
 Like *Heav'n*, *You* seem *let down* to our weak *Sight* ;
 And yet like *Heav'n*, *You* keep your *Shining Height* !

F I N I S.



